CH 'PTER II. Continued.

The lovers sat hand in hand, Just a week after coming into their inheritance, upon the stairs of the great empty house in Russell Square. No one else was in the house except the caretaker, one of those old ladies who are not in the least afraid of loneliness and ghosts, and are only truly happy when they have got a fine, roomy basement, with a scullery, a coal cellar and two large kitchens all to themselves, and a great empty house over their heads. The furniture may crack all over that house, and the stairs may creak after dark; there may be clanking chains, groans, shricks, sobbings, wails and trampling feet at midnight; there may be shadowy sheeted figures in the empty rooms at twilight; the caretaker is not in the least concerned. These things, with the house and furniture, are the property of the landlord. She is there to look after them, ghosts and all. At night she sleeps, and all day long she makes tea. Nobody ever saw a caretaker yet who was not making teu. The inevitable caretaker, therefore, remained in the basement below making tea while Tom and Katharine sat upon the stairs. They might have sat on the drawing room sofas or in the library easy chairs had they chosen, but they preferred the stairs, perhaps on account of the novelty. It was only at an evening party, as a rule, that young people get the chance of sitting on the stairs.

They were sitting on the stairs at the drawing room landing, hand in hand, and their faces were much more grave than befits young lovers. Something-the more means more, the additional explanatory adjective "bad" is understood-something had happened to account for this gloom.

"Is it really and truly all gone?" asked Katharine, presently.

"It is all gone, dear, vanished away, just as if it had never existed; in fact, It never did exist. But there can be no doubt about it. Our grand fortune was dangled before us for one week, and then it was snatched away. In cherry bob it was always thought mean for the bobster not to let the bobber hav the cherry."

"Ob, Tom, it is wonderful."

"It is, indeed. I think of it with awe. Some wonderful things are also disgusting, Katharine. Nobody ever heard of a more wonderful thing or a more disgusting. If it is any comfort to us, let us say it over and over again. Truly wonderful. Providential. Quite. A dispensation. An overruling, an-"Don't, Tom. It will not mend mat-

ters to talk bitterly and sarcastically." "All right, Katharine, dear. Let us pretend that we like the new arrangement better than the old."

"No, no. But tell me more, Tom.

How did you find it out?" "It was found out for me. You see, Katharine, I've got one first cousin on my uncle's side. He is a solicitor, which ought to have pleased the old man; but he is also fond of sport, and billiards, and so forth. Jem Rolfe is his name. I knew he would be awfully savage at being left out of the will, and I thought to make it up a bit to him; and I hadn't got any solicitor of my own, and so I thought I would keep the thing in the family, and I asked bim to take charge of my affairs for me, and wind up things, as they say. Jem isn't a bad sort of a fellow. He doesn't bear malice against me. and he took over the job and went through the papers. First, he began firing notes at me every other hour, telling me what he had discoveredgood investments here and bad investments there. In short, he found out what the estate means, and where it is invested, and all about it-details which did not concern me in the least. The notes are all part of the business. I suppose, and will appear on the bill of costs. However, the notes con-

there always is a check." "Well, Tom?" for he stopped, though It was some comfort for him to feel that he was telling the story in a good descriptive style which would have done credit to the paper. "What was the check?"

tained nothing that would arouse any

kind of suspicion, and I began to think

we were going to be rich beyond the

dreams of avarice, as Dr. Johnson

said. And then there came a check-

"You don't know Jem. His style is rather sporting. But, of course, being a lawyer, he knows what he is about. Two days ago he sent a letter, begging me to call upon him. And then he staggered me by telling me that there was a charge upon my uncle's estate of certain trust money, amounting, with accomulations, to £20,000. It was originally £12,000, out of which an annuity of £300 had been paid, and the rest was to accumulate for the annuitant's heirs in some way. My cousin remembered this annulant when he was articled to my uncle. that our inheritance was £20,000 less than it seemed to be. That's a pretty big cantel to be cut off. But worse remained. For Jem went on to tell me that considering the depreciation of certain stocks and the losses my uncle and incurred in his investments, he did not think there would be much left when that trust money was set aside. First he said 'not much;' that was to let me down easy. He then told me that there would be nothing at all left-nothing at all-when this liability was discharged."

"Oh! Who are the people who are going to get the £20,000?"

"I don't know. That is Jem's business, not mine. I have washed my hands of the whole thing, and he has undertaken to carry it through and get his costs out of the estate. So that, after all, the nephew who is to benefit by my uncle's will is the one he wished to keep out. As for the heirs, when £20,000 is waiting for them, they will not be slow to turn up."

Katharine sighed. "Is that all, Tom?"

"That is all, my dear. It couldn't be much more, because the part cannot be

greater than the whole." Katharine laughed this time, not a merry noisy laugh but a low cheerful laugh peculiar to woman the consoler, kept for occasions when heavy moods and disappointment and bitter words in man have to be exorcised.

"Tom, it is like the splendid dream of the man with the basketful of eggs.

Our castle is shattered." "My dear"-Tom looked into the gray eyes so full of courage and of faith which met his gaze-"my dear" (here he kissed her), "it is for your sake that lament it most. You were going to be so happy, with nothing to do and nothing to worry you. The life of comfort was to be yours. Doesn't every woman desire the life of comfort above all things? Now we must go on with our work again, no better off than our neighbors, just as poor and just as struggling."

"Why should we grumble at that, Tom?"

"And we must put off our marriage Katharine."

"Yes, Tom; but then we never hoped o he married so soon, did we?"

"And you will have to continue your porrible lessons."

"Oh, Tom don't trouble about that! So long as I have you I am happy; and remember, we have had a whole week of pure happiness, thinking we were lifted high above the common lot. And now it is all over, and we are not a bit worse off than we were before."

"When Christopher Sly, Katharine, was taken back to the roadside, he was never so happy again for thinking of the wonderful dream he had had. To be sure, Christopher was an uneducated kind of person. Fortunately none of the fellows at the club know about it, so that while, on the one hand, as they used to say, there have been no congratulations and no envy, so, on the other, there will be no condolences and no secret joy."

"Then, Tom, forget the whole thing. Put it out.of your mind."

"I will, Katharine, as soon as I can But still, without any more crying, tell me, Katharine, did you ever hear of a more awful sell?"

"Tom, I certainly never did. I am quite sure there never was such a sell before. But at sells, you know, one s expected to laugh, just to show that they enter into the spirit of the thing, and are not a bit offended." She sprung to her feet, shaking out the fold of her dress. It was only a plain stuff dress, nothing at all compared with the magnificent frock she might have worn had the intention of Uncle Joseph been carried out. "Come, Tom, it is done with. But I have a fancy to go all over the house, just to see what mig have been ours, and then we will bid farewell to the inheritance." She stood over him, a tall, graceful girl, lighthearted, bright-eyed, her face full of sunshine which lies on the cheeks of every woman who is true of heart and

hinks no evil, and is young and is loved. "Come, Tom," she repeated. He sat hanging his head dolefully. "You are always right, Katharine. But that isn't all," he added, under his breath, as he took her hand and went up the stairs with her.

It was not unlike the scene where Virginia takes leave of her island home and her gardens; but in this case it was Paul, as you shall see, who was about to embark for foreign shores.

They went upstairs to the very top of the house, where be the servants' bedrooms. They opened the door, ooked round each room and shut the

loor again softly. "With each floor." said Tom. "we take leave of two hundred pounds a year. There are five floors. Farewell,

first two hundred." Below were the guests' rooms, fur nished with due regard to comfort as it was understood in the forties; that is to say, in the four-post and feather bed style, with vasts chests of mahogany drawers. "Second two hundred,"

said Tom. Below the visitors' rooms were the nurseries-day and night nursery; but these rooms looked forlorn and neglected, because it was seventy years since they had echoed to the patter of chiliren's feet and the music of children's voices. As Tom looked into them a sadness fell upon his soul, as if he were robbed-with the inheritance-of his children. He did not communicate this thought to Katharine; but he said nothing, and descended to the lower

floor in silence. On the first floor there was a large drawing room in front, and at the back a bedroom, which had been Uncle Joseph's, furnished in the same style as those above. The drawing room had been newly furnished by Uncle Joseph when he married, about the year 1844. in what was then the best style. Nothing had since been added, so that this room was a pleasing study of domestic (urniture in mediaeval ages, before esthetics had been invented. There

were high-backed sofas, and solid chars and settees, and round tables covered with expensively bound books There were engravings on the walls. which were clothed with a rich, warm, red paper, and the carpet showed a pattern of large red and green flowers unlike any of the flowers with which naturn adorns the gay parterres. But

everything was faded-wall paper, carpet, the bindings of the books, the gilding of the settees. The drawing room. in fact, had not been used for thirty

There was a grand piano in it. Katharine sat down and struck a few chords. It was out of tune, but that seemed appropriate. Then she looked at Tom, whose seriousness seemed to increase rather than to vanish, and her eyes became soft and dim, and she bent her head lest be should see the tears | manchip and as a polo player.

that filled them. Tom was standing at the window. He beckoned to her,

and she joined him. "It is a beautiful garden, dear. At this time of the year"-it was the middle of March, and at 5 of the evening one could distinctly see green buds upon some of the more sanguine bushes -"at this time of the year there would have been delightful walking in the garden, wouldn't there? But the fortune is gone, and-Katharine, sing that German song I taught you. I think we shall like to remember that you sung it in the house that was our own for n week.'

Katharine went back to the piano and sung, with full and steady voice. a certain German song Tom had taught her both words and music.

"Tom," said the girl, "it was in this room that you were to sit and write your books, while I was to read or to work quietly beside you. It would have been happiness enough for me only to be with you." "Katharine!"

"The dream has been a beautiful dream. It has brought us together so closely. I know now more of your ambitions than I ever knew before. We have talked with more open hearts. Let us thank God Tom, for sending us this dream. Do not let us repine because it all came to nothing. We have been rich, and we are now poor. Yet we are richer than ever we were before. What is it that was said long, long ago?-but not of a miserable treasure-'The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away.' You will have all that you desire, Tom. You shall write the most beautiful books still, but not quite in the way we thought."

"My dear, you are a saint and an angel." He took her in his arms. Why

did the tears rise to his eyes? "You sung that song just now; Katherine, you meant to bid adieu to the inheritance. But, my dear, it was for me; I am your treasure-you are mine-and we must part."

"We must part awhile, dear. Only for a little while-for six months or "Tom!"

"They offered me, just before this will-o'-the-wisp fortune came to us, the post of war correspondent in Egypt. I have now accepted it." "Oh, Tom!"

"I could not afford to refuse. They want me to go very much. You see, Katharine, I know something about soldiering, and I can talk French, which is always a help everywhere, and they think I am smart and active." "Oh. Tom! to go out to the fighting!"

"A war correspondent," he said, mendaciously, "has to be more than commonly careful. Why, I shall all the time be thinking of how to get safe home to my Katharine."

She shivered. "They will give me a hundred pounds month and all my expenses," he said. 'We shall save enough out of it to buy all our furniture, dear, and when I come home we will have the wedding bells rung.

He tried to speak cheerfully, but there was a melancholy ring in his

"If I could only think that you would be cared for while I am away, Katharine, my poor, friendless girl!"

"I shall do very well, Tom. All day long I shall be with my children, and in the evening there is Harley House, and some of the girls there are pleasant and friendly when they are not 100 tired with their work, poor things, and when they have got any work to do."

"Dear, tell me that I have done right in taking this offer. It is not only a well paid offer and an honor to receive it, but if I do the work well it will give me a far better and safer position on the paper. They never forget a man who has been a good war correspon-

dent." "Yes, Tom, I am sure that you have done wisely. Do not fret about me. Oh, I shall get, on very well indeed without you. Write to me by every mail that you can-not a long letter which would take your time, but a

single word to keep my heart up." "My dear, my love." He caught her with both hands and kissed her. "My dear, my love," he repeated, "I must leave you alone. If you want anything, go to my cousin; I am sure he will help you. I have written the address here; don't lose it."

"But when must you go, Tom? Not yet for a week or two?"

(To be continued.)

Why Fruits Cool the Blood.

In health the temperature of the blood is constant, and even when spots and rashes appear on the skin, there is no departure from the normal temperature unless there is a cause for fever, such as blood-poisoning, the invasion of some microbe or serious disturbance of the nervous system. In fevers, when the temperature of the blood is raised, vegetables are never given, as they would not cool the blood, but might help to heat it.

Some fruits have cooling properties. as they contain citric acid, and this forms citrates in the blood and increases the perspiration. In serious fevers, however, it is much safer to give measured quantities of citrates to produce this effect than to trust to the uncertain action of fruit.

Fruit and fresh vegetables are anticorbutics-that is to say, they are opposed to scurvy. The primary cause of this disease is not clearly understood, but it is immediately due to an absence of these wholesome constituents from the diet. The flushing of the skin, with spots and rashes, popularly called "heating of the blood," is relieved and effete matted is eliminated by their use. Hence the popular phrase that "they cool the blood."

The Worm Turns. The minor poet brooded over his lemonade. "Shh," he said darkly. "Can you

keep a secret?" "Till death," his companion replied.

"Know then," said the poet, seizing the other's wrist, "that I am to be avenged at last on the editor of the Trash magazine. I sent him a sonnet last week, and poisoned the gum on the

return envelope." And with a harsh, blood-curdling laugh the desperate young man passed out into the night .- New York Press.

Robert Bacon, the recently appointed Assistant Secretary of State, is an athlete of renown, famous for his horse-

THE PULPIT.

A SCHOLARLY SUNDAY SERMON 3 THE REV. A. H. C. MORSE.

Subject : Evangelization.

Brooklyn, N. Y .- In the Strong Place Baptist Church. Sunday morning, the pastor, the Rev. A. H. C. Morse, preached a foreign mission sermon, the subject being "Evangelization." The text was from Joshua xiii:1: "There

remaineth yet very much land to be

possessed." Mr. Morse said: There is an ancient Israel, and there is a modern Israel. The task before the former was the establishment of the kingdom of God in the land of promise. And the task before the latter is the establishment of the kingdom of God in all the world. The work hefore these ancient people was prepara: tory and temporal. The work before the church is final. What remains beyond the work appointed to us is yet hidden behind the hills of eternity. The supreme thing, then, is the evan-

gelization of the world. And I make no apology this morning when I call your attention to this stupendous subject. It will do us good to lift our eves from our own immediate field, and look at the world which is the field of God and to leave our own little beaten track, and to swing out into the circle where sweep His mighty plans. Centuries have elapsed since our work was announced, and herculean tasks have been performed. Mountains of preju dice have been leveled; rivers of blood have been forded; fires of persecution have been endured, and whole kingdoms have been taken. maineth yet much land to be nos-I want to speak to you then sessed." up "The Authority for Foreign Missions, and Their Aims and Inspiration."

In a single word, the authority for Christian missions must be found, not in the truths we hold, but in the Person whom we love. This may be seen in the very etymology of the word, for authority is something added-added to the abstract truth or duty. There is no authority apart from a person. When an attorney is asked his authority, he cites the decisions of a judge: and when a scholar is asked his authority, he does not exploit his oninions, but he names his author. The same principle holds in religion. And the ultimate authority must be a per son, and that person must be the highest, and moreover he must be known. It is easy to see, therefore, that authority is ruled from the so-called religion of pantheism, for it posits no personal heing. It rules authority also from rationalism, for reason, fallible and dependent, cannot be the highest. And it takes authority from agnostirism, for that declares that God cannot be known. But I shall not pursue this subject into the mazes of philosophy I simply lay this down as an opening thought that the authority for Christian missions is found in Christ he cause He is a person, and because He is the highest person, and because He can be known. It is in view of this that He can say, "All authority is given unto Me in heaven and on earth. Go ye, therefore, and teach all na-

Authority belongs to Christ because He is the eternal word, and is also the only God with whom we have to do. 1 know there are secondary sources of authority to which we must give obedience, such as to parents and teachers and to the laws of the State. But back of all these and over them all is the personal Christ, and He alone has a right to tell me what are truth and duty. And authority belongs to Him because He has undertaken to dispel the darkness of the world by a special revelation of the love of God. He has toined Himself to humanity to save it. And it is this revelation of God that is added to all the truth we hold that constitutes the authority for missions. Missions are the propaganda of Jesus. and His method of reconciling an apostate humanity. And even if He had not uttered His great commission, still world-wide missions would have their claims, for they are but the answer to the call from the ends of the earth: for humanity sundered from God feels its destitution and misery. The whole world groans in its hunger. You can bear it in the plaintive song of the bird. and the sighing of every breeze. And after all a world-wide mission is only an answer to a world-wide need.

"God The authority for missions is manifest in the flesh." But what the camp fires of those who have gone flesh? The flesh of the Anglo-Saxon. We are a wonderful people. Let us freely admit that we are the most virile race upon the earth; that our institutions are the best; that we possess the bulk of the world's culture and refinement; that we are the subjects of the best government; and are the most Ingenious and inventive and wealthy. But how came we to have this premier position? We are only the great-grandchildren of heathen and barbarous fathers. We owe our superiority to the remaining heathen nations to the fact that the Gospel was first preached to us. Wonderful we are. But we are not the sum total of the race of "Who do men say that I the men. Son of Man am?" The son of what man? Of Abraham? Of the Anglo-Saxon? Of the man of India? Africa? Or the man of the islands of the sea? The manhood of humanity was in the flesh of Jesus, and I fall back upon the aumanity of Christ as my authority for a world-wide mission. And that is what makes me confident that the Gospel is the power of God unto salvation to India and China and Africa, to the islands of the sea. Not that we hope to make these peoples but a pale copy of the Anglo-Saxon; but that we shall develop that gift of ful performance fill the place of enthuthought and heart which God has wrought into their texture, and that they shall be patterned, not after us, but after the Son of Man. The authority for missions is found in a universal hunger of the heart.

So much then for the authority foreign missions. Now I speak of their aim and inspiration. And this is a phase of the subject which is not always clear in the public mind. I have read in a missionary paper, even, that if foreign missions are to accomplish black with the mire and dirt. But look permanent results, we must aim at the beyond, out into the deep water, how total reorganization of the whole social blue and clear it is! The white caps fabric of the countries into which we on the surface show the violence of go. Now that is an evil doctrine. You the wind, but the water is too deep can find nothing to justify it in the his- for the storms that sweep its surface tory, nor in the experience of the to stir up the earth at the bottom. So church, nor in the example of our Lord is Christian experience. A shallow exand His apostles. They did not aim at perience is easily disturbed; the merest reconstructing the social fabric, but at trifles becloud and darken the soul implanting the life of Christ in the whose piety is superficial; while the human heart. They sought to renew most furious storm of life fails to the lives of men, and they knew that darken or disturb the soul which has these new lives would demand new attained a deep experience of the social combinations. They knew that no human tyranny could exist where

Jesus Christ was King. We must not confuse the immediate the ultimate result of missions. There is no work in all the world so powerful the habits are changed and the civic

is not social nor civilizing, but religious. And I had rather, as Mr. Speen "Plant one seed of the life of Christ under the crust of heathen life than cover that whole crust over with the veneer of our social halets, or the vesture of Western civilization." are trustees, but not primarily of better social customs, but of a life which will shape its own civilization.

The aim of missions is evangelization, and that is the publishing in all the world of God's glad tidings. The nim is to make Christ known in all the world. I state it thus, for though it does not shift our responsibility, it does lighten our burden. It does not remove the obligation to basten with the proclamation of Christ, but it does relieve us of the impossible burden of converting the world. We cannot convert a single soul: how shall we convert the world? But we can present the Gospel in such a way to every soul in all the world that the responsirest no longer upon the church nor upon any person in the church, but upon the man himself. We can so present the message of evangelization that we can fling the responsibility for the world's conversion back upon God Himself, for He alone can renew a human heart.

I do not preach upon missions beause I want to challenge your sympathies for the philanthropic results which they achieve. My object is larger than that. I want your aid in making Jesus known. I know these other things will follow. I believe that God is King, and that the hand that shaped the world at first is in all the forces that to-day are shaping life. He holds the reins of politics and commerce and civilization. It was John Newton who said, he read the New Testament to see how God loved the world, but he read the newspaners to see how He governed it. And I am convinced that all our everyday affairs do run into the great goals of God. And these things, our governments and distoms and inventions, are but as the chaff before the wind as compared with the supreme purpose that God. who is King, shall reign as King, and

rule as Lord of Lords. We are getting to understand the problem, and these last years are witnessing wonderful movements. nnual accessions to the churches in the foreign fields far outnumber those of the churches at home. And in many instances their offerings to this great work go far before our own. More work is being assigned to the native churches, and greater responsibilities aid on them. Modern missions are young, but we can almost see the day when mission hoards will not need to send to foreign fields great sums of money, nor large numbers of preachers. For the native churches are prolific in preachers of their own who can find he hearts of their people much better than we can. And already the day is come when our largest attention is given to the teaching and education of the preachers, and to the general ad-ministration of the work. That is the meaning of this call for endowment for the great Christian colleges and seminaries which are growing up in those far off lands.

Paul said he was a "prisoner of Jesus Christ." That is the essence of the missionary life. The Lord's prisoner-not the prisoner of Rome, though he lay in a Roman prison, and was sconrged of Caesar. He said he was an "ambassador in bonds." He didn't look like that. His old rusty chain rattled on his wrists, and clanked in his empty cell. But he said I am conducting an embassy in chains. what limitations the missionaries have endured! Sickness and suffering and infirmity and separation from wife and children. And what are they doing? Conducting an embassy for heaven in chains and in a limitation which God feel their freeden, and are the hap-piest men in all the earth. I have seen them, battered and worn, return to the churches at home. But I never applaud them as some do when they speak at national meetings. We who remain at home are not worthy to unloose the latchets of their shoes.

The story of modern missions reads like a romance. One hundred years ago it was a forlorn cause. Then the doors of the nations were locked, and the church itself was either unmissionary or anti-missionary. Now the sky s ablaze with light and there is no self-respecting church in all the land that will toferate a man in its pulpit who does not publish foreign missions. And all over the world are to be seen

away with the great evangel. Can we not read the signs of the times? Great days are crowding upon us, and after years of prayer and patient labor, the Lord is giving us attention of this great section of the city. Can it be saved? Do we believe, in the strong arm of the Gospel? Then pour your life into this great work. The church-this church, exists for no other purpose than to give the Gospel to the world. Be large in your interest in our immediate work. But that is not enough. Be large in your effort in world-wide evangelization.

On the Plain. Henry Clay Trumbull, speaking of the mission of the lowly road in the Christian's life and its relative importance in comparison to the mountain road, says: "There are times in every life when the soul stands on the clean heights, and no task seems to be too difficult to the boundless enthusiasm of the moment. But what is to be done when the soul has descended into the plains, and the enthusiasm is gone, and the task remains? Only to go on bravely, trusting to the clearer vision on the mountain top, and making faithsiasm. The mountain and the plain has each its place in Christian life-the mountain for clear vision ahead, the lowly road along the plain for the actual performance of the journey."

Christian Experience.

Henry Ward Beecher, once said: "Shallow waters are easily muddied. After a night of sform the waters of the bay, along the beach, are foul and things of God."

First evangelize the young men, and hen make them an evangelizing force, aim with the secondary aim, nor with for if these nations are going to be evangelized it is going to be by the sons and daughters of the soil. to accomplish secondary results as the that this present generation does not work of foreign missions. Of course, perish from the earth without the young men knowing that Jesus Christ life reorganized. But that is not the died and rose again, and that He is a immediate aim. The immediate aim living Christ .- John R. Mott,

SCHOOL SUNDAY THE

INTERNATIONAL LESSON COMMENTS FOR MARCH 25.

Temperance Lesson, Prov. xxill., 29 35-Golden Text, Prov. xxiii., 32-Memory Verse, 31 - Topic: Drink's Chamber of Horrors.

I. Strong drink destroys happiness (vs. 29, 30.). 29. "Who." commission to every man to investigate the prevailing cause of woe and sorrow and strife, and thus be deterred from taking the wrong course in life. Robinson call this lesson the drunkard's looking glass, set before those whose face is toward the drunkard's habits, so that they may see what they will be if they go on. "Woe." Direful distress; both the condemnation for a sin committed, and a certain awful condition of suffering. Sin of all kinds brings its own punishment, but there is no sin which so speedily and relentlessly pursues its victim as the sin of drunkenness. "Who hath sorrow." The Hebrew word means, first, poverty and then misery. The cup contains more than one woe; a single sorrow is not all. These are so numerous as to call forth a constant and long continued cry of "Who hath contentions." anguish. Nine-tenths of all the brawls and fights, quarrels and misunderstandings are traceable to drink. bling." This refers to the tendency of strong drink to foolish and incessant talking, revealing secrets, vile conversation and noisy demonstrations, which are common in different stages of drunkenness. Nothing goes right with the drinker. He complains of God, of society, of his family, of his circumstances, of everything. Nothing can be right to one who is thus wrong. Wounds without cause." Wounds received in wholly unprofitable disputes, such as come of the brawls of drunken men. Drinkers are especially exposed to accidents and diseases which tem-perance would have prevented. "Redness of eyes." Bloodshot, blurred or bleared eyes (Gen. 49:12). Alcohol induces a paralysis of the nerves controlling the minute blood vessels, the capillaries, which results in a dilation that speedily shows itself in the eye.

"They that tarry long." answers the above questions. He who begins to drink continues to drink, tarrying often a whole night, and from that to day and night. "They that go." To places or among people where intoxicating drinks are made or stored Spiced, "Mixed wine." or used. drugged, medicated wine.

II. Strong drink prohibited (vs. 31, "Look not." This prohibits 32). 31. even moderate drinking. It is our duty to avoid temptation. See Prov. 4:14, 15. The person who enters into temptation is almost certain to fall. "Red." The bright color of the wine gives it an attractive look. "His color in the Literally, its eye, the clear cup." brightness, or the beaded bubbles, on which the wine drinker looks with pleasure. "Goeth down smoothly" (R. V.) This verse pictures the attractive side of wine, when it seems perfectly harmless to sip a little, when it is bright and inspiring, thrilling the nerves with delight, promising all joy and freedom. It is the shining side of evil that is so dangerous-this flowery entrance to the path that leads to death. At such a time, beware! 32. "At the last it biteth." The pleasure will be attended at last with intolerable pains, when it works like so much poison in thy veins and casts thee into diseases as hard to cure as the biting of a serpent. "Adder." In the Geneva Bible this word is translated "cocka-It was a very venomous serpent. But the picture cannot be overdrawn. The curse of strong drink is worse than the bite of a thousand serpents.

Strong drink ruinous to ter (v. 33). "Eyes shall behold," etc.. "Thine

33. eyes shall behold strange things." R. Some think there is a reference here to the delirium tremens. But the rendering in the Authorized Version which is retained in the margin of the Revised Version, is, according to the Cambridge Bible, "in keeping with the usage of the word in the Book of Proverbs, and with the undoubted connection between excess of wine and lust." The "lust of the eyes" causes the downfall of many. We should hasten to close our eyes to that which we ought not to see. "Heart shall utter." When men or women indulge in the use of strong drink they let down the bars to every sin that follows in the

train. IV. Strong drink leads to folly (vs.

34, 35). 34. "In the midst of the sea." To make one's bed on the waves of the sea would be to be swallowed up in death. So is the drunken man. Or as a pilot who has gone to sleep when his ship was in the troughs of the sea, aldowing the tiller to slip out of his hand, and his ship to be swamped with the waves which he might have outridden. Stupefied, besotted men know not where they are or what they are doing. and when they lie down they are as if tossed by the rolling waves of the sea, or upon the top of a mast. Their heads Their sleep is disquiet, and troublesome dreams make sleep unre-"Top of a mast." The freshing. drunkard is utterly regardless of life.

35. "Have stricken-not hurt" (R. V.) With conscience seared and selfrespect gone, the drunkard boasts of the things which should make him blush with shame. "Have beaten-felt it not." "Angry companious have done "Angry companions have done their worst to end my life, says he, but their blows did not affect me." ere-again." Rather, when I shall awake I will seek it again. Self-control is all gone. The drunkard is a slave to appetite. He is as insensible to the pleadings and warnings of those who seek his salvation as he is to the heatings of his comrades when he V delirious.

Eagle Attacks Engine Crew. 'An eagle measuring seven feet elev-

en inches from tip to tip flew into the cab of the Rocky Mountain Limited on the Rock Island road while the train was going full speed, near Limon, Col. It evidently had become bewildered by the smoke and noise. Striking the engineer on the head with its beak, it knocked the man unconscious on the floor of the cab. Then it attacked the fireman, burying its talons in his arm. The fireman beat it down with a shove! and captured it.

Big Chain in Heart of Old Tree. In the heart of a large cherry tree taken from the farm of Bleichner Brothers to an Egg Harbor City (N. J.) saw mill, was found a heavy iron chain, two feet long, with links almost half an inch thick. How the chain came there is a mystery. Judging from the grain the tree, which measured three feet in diameter, it was fully sixty years old.

Umbrella 120 Tears Old.

There has been discovered at Greenock, England, an old-fashioned umbrella with whalebone ribs, which must be quite 120 years old. It affords shelter for a whole family.

THOUGHTS FOR THE

THE COMING GLORY. Arise, arise, good Christian, Let right to wrong succeed; Let penitential sorrow To heavenly gladness lead; To he light that hath no evening,
That knows no moon nor sun.
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one,
And when the Sole-Begotten

Shall render up once more The Kingdom to the Father Whose own it was before— Then glory yet unheard of Shall shed abroad its ray, Resolving all enigmas— An endless Sabbath day. The peace of all the faithful, ne calm of all the blest,

Inviolate, unvaried,
Divinest, sweetest, best,
Yes, peace! for war is needless—
Yes, calm! for storm is past—
And goal from finished labor,
And anchorage at last.
That peace—but who may claim it?
The guileless in their way,
Who keep the ranks of battle,
Who mean the thing they say;
The peace that is for Heaven,
And shall be, too, for earth; Inviolate, unvaried. And shall be, too, for earth;
The palace that re-echoes
With fee song and mirth.

song and mirth.
—Bernard, of Cluny. The Little Sins.

Know ye that your sin shall over ake you.-Numbers, xxxii., 23. Reputation is the key to manhood. t leads us to a regard for the finer life in this beautiful, elusive and half veiled world. "A good name is better, than precious ointment," and so much of the unction and kindness of social weetness is built upon the innate desire to adjust self to a harmonized re-

alization of the rights of our fellow No solitary act can purchase a good name. The desire to be esteemed should be built upon stainlessness of thought. word and action. The sum total is character, which again is but a conformation of righteousness. It is difficult to comprehend the philosophy of the moral order unless it be founded upon a righteous being, and so the fundamental conception of character lifts us above anarchy and above the breaking

of the divine image in our souls. We are not automatons, but souls endowed with liberty of choice between good and evil. (: this depends all noral growth and soul development. Good, therefore, in any form is the goal of humanity. But even if the Spirit of Goodness dwells in us, yet may we lessen His influence and un-consciously degrade our characters. As 'dying files spoil the sweetness of the ointment" without rendering it totally unfit, so little failings may weaken the delicacy of our better selves without destraying our permanent virtues. Such heinous offenses as profanity. drunkenness, theft or lewdness are so powerful to overwhelm us with a terrifying sense of guilt. When these sins are communicated there can be no misunderstanding of the consequences; the character is entirely besmirched. But when it is a question of slight blemishes or petty defects of Christian manhood the sensibility of the conscience does not always recognize the

wound. Like the termite that leaves the bark uninjured while it cats the heart of the tree, so the guilt of little sins becomes a moral disintegrat on. If moral anarchy rioted in our souls we should "put on the armor of light;" instantly and fight, but because it is only moral confusion that reigns we have no inclination to set ourse'ves aright. And all this time our frailties are working out their own punishment, for the moral system is inexorable. Soul life is no more stationary than physlife Every thought tion makes for our uplifting or degrading; the processes go on and no neutrality is possible. The saddest of all teaths is the death of a soul in a

body still strong and vigerous.

The mistake made is in thinking that this life is one of fulfillment, that all process depends on our cagacity, that ultimace achievement depends on our own exertions, that the competition of energies compensates for the easy descent from lofty standards. But this life is not complete; we are simply in a state of preparation. Lif. is a sertes of purifying processes. It is the expansion of soul culture based on divine ideals. Hence in the present pre cess of development our burden of righteousness should be borne, the sorrows of abnegation endured, if we would come into final possession of eternal bliss. God never intended that our journey toward immortality should be a negative quantity-we should not cumber the ground if we are not fruit bearer. Let us then robe ourselves in the exalted attributes of divine character; let conscience, untroubled by little sins, be aroused through abounding grace to stand confessed blameless, harmless and without re-

Love i stronger, safer and saner than law, because in it there is no compromise. Let love overshadow our eythought, word and action; let our sin be excess of divine love, and we shall then have no fear if it overtakes us .- Rev. John J. Donlan, Church of the Nativity, Brooklyn, in the New York Sunday Eerald.

Did you ever think, my brother, my, sister, that if it were not for missionary work you would be serving idols to-day? Suppose that Paul and those who labored with him had been directed to go east in place of west. How shocked you are when, in some picture, you see a mother throwing her, child into the Ganges! It might have been you, my sister. Have you no pity for the fellow-beings that are dying at the rate of 100,000 a day? - W. E. Blackstone.

The Upward Calling of God. God never calls you from larger things to smaller. God never calls you from up, down. God never calls you into shrunken conditions. God calls you for your welfare, your enlargement, your power, your benediction. God is always calling up, up, up to His children. Blessed be the man that answers when the call upward and outward comes, "Here am I; send me:"-A. F. Schauffler.

Too many think that they test their faith by testifying about it.

Eggs Hatch in Her Head.

The eggs of a poisonous insect-pos sibly a spider, which stung her last October, were deposited under Mrs. Kunigunda Vogel's scalp, and hatched there. She has suffered head-splitting pains ever since she was stung; but only after three months of this torture have the doctors, at her home in Altoona, Pa., by cutting into the swelling, discovered the cause, live, wormlike insects. These have been removed and Mrs. Vogel is recovering.

The Japanese Government is printing a complete record of the war.